



The FOXES.

IN days of yore, a Fox of parts
 Was caught in spite of all his arts,
 And forc'd, that he his life might save,
 His tale behind i' th' trap to leave.
 Dejected in his brethren's sight,
 He liv'd obscure and shun'd the light;
 But a fam'd council being near,
 Oblig'd Sir Reynard to appear;

The

The business o'er, the S
 One speech to make bef
 ' These tails, says he,
 ' Most uselefs heavy bu
 ' Vermin they breed, a
 ' A luggage when we c
 ' At last though late ma
 ' Let's wisely dock us o
 A Fox who mark'd this
 Bow'd and reply'd on th
 But first he whisper'd in
 ' Wisely you've spoken
 ' Your tail's already go
 ' The scheme suits you

The public good men oft p
 While private int'rest is t

